DORSEMENT OF THE JEWETT PIANCE

sleuths whose business it was to hunt 'em down couldn't help but admire 'em on the sly." And the ex-detective chuckled quietly to himself as he watched the smoke from his cigar curl upward toward the ceiling.

"You see, many of those old-timers were men of excellent education," he resumed, after a moment's reflection. "Some of them had graduated from college, and there wasn't one of them who was not a close student of human nature. In the selection of his victim the 'con game' man of twentyfive years ago used an immense amount of cunning and penetration and seldom failed to offer just the sort of bait that would cause his victim to bite. He could size up his man every time, after looking him over for a while. It would take an hour or more to enumerate the different schemes those sharpers used to work. Of course, the fact that the newspapers have exposed so many of the 'con games' has made it much more difficult for the modern sharper to operate, but at the same time the crook of today doesn't know how to approach his victim as the old-timers did. The old confibusiness were invariably bright, clean, welidressed chaps, and they knew how to beciting suspicion.

birds were remarkably colored Buff Duchess standards of the texts. Cochins. Any fancy game dealer will tell All this "highfalutin" fiction is so differyou that chickens of this breed, with what ent from what has commonly been thought is considered the standard shade of buff in of as the American product that it ought their feathers, are very hard to obtain and to be explained. Is it the glamour of our always command a big price. The young trust multi-millionaires that dazzles the farmer wanted \$200 for the lot. The birds | readers of newspapers and catches the eyes attracted considerable attention and during to be found in the fact that our "red-blood" the second day of the fair the owner of fiction writers were busy at novel-making them noticed that a good-looking man of last winter, and had no time to spare for the about middle age, with a business-like ap-

fully, apparently very much interested. "Thinking that perhaps the stranger dramas? Why have the illustrators desertght be a possible purchaser, the young farmer went up to him, introduced himself and began calling attention to the fine points in the beautiful feathered flock. Were you thinking of buying any fancy popltry?" he ventured to ask the newcomer. 'Yes,' the middle-aged man answered, 'if I can get just exactly what I want. Your nearer my ideal than anything at any of the recent exhibits.' you've been attending some of the other exhibits?' queried the young farmer, 'Nearly all of them in Indiana and Illinois,' replied the stranger. 'Here is my card, and he handed the exhibitor a pasteboard bearing the name of a well-known breeder of fancy stock whose poultry farm near Quincy, Ill., was famous among people interested in chickens and such things. "Of course, the exhibitor of the fancy breed was interested at once, and also im-

mensely tickled that his birds should have attracted the attention of so important a personage in the world of poultry breeding. 'I suppose,' continued the famous chicken man, 'that if I should decide to purchase these lowls you would be obliged to have them carain on exhibition until the very last day of the week, and that you would let me ship them over to my farm when the fair comes to an end?' 'Yes, I would have to keep them on view while the fair lasts,' the young man. 'I confess I'm proud of those birds, and feel absolutely certain that there'll be a lot of red ribbons on their coops before Saturday evening.' 'Well, I agree with you,' said the Illinois man, 'and I believe I'll take the whole flock. I am compelled to leave Indianapolis this evening, as I want to run down to a fair in the southern part of the State, but I'll be back to get the birds next Shall I pay you now, or when I other might suit himself in regard to making the payment. 'Well, I may as well complete the transaction at once, then,' said man, with a business-like air. 'If you'll come with me down town to one of the banks Fll cash this check and pay you \$29 before I leave town.' As he spoke he took from an inside pocket of his coat a poultry concern in Freeport, Ill. 'It's almost 3 o'clock now, and we could not reach Washington street in time to cash your check,' the young farmer reminded him. In those days the state fair grounds were loeated where Morton Place is now, and the caule cars were the principal means of transportation between the fair and the business district of the city.

"Well, there's no use going further into detail. The transaction wound up as might have been expected. The young farmer poring over the sidewalk counters of secaccepted the check, gave the famous Illi- ond-hand book shops, "and mine, I confess, Ernest Henley has a little volume called cash and made arrangements to turn over | books. Not particularly because they are to him the beautiful flock of chickens | Bibles and hymn books, but because I sim- Scott. The poetry of Poe, like his prose, when the new owner should return on ply can't stand it to see such books tossed buturday. And the gullible young Hoosier about as dusty, almost worthless secondpever dreamed that he had been swindled hand goods. Except in the case of rare old the Celt, W. B. Yeats, is beginning to find until Saturday had come and gone. Of Bibles or quite ancient hymn books, such an audience among persons of delicate course, it was not a new game, by any books cost but a trifle, Religious books, as means, but it was worked in a new way and with such shrewdness that I have always given that sharper credit for a pretty bright mind. You see, he had studied out every detail of his plot. He knew that with the name of an old friend of mine in the young farmer had a pocket full of gilt on the cover. It gave me a shock to most important contribution of a purely publishing under his own name only a cermoney; he knew that his victim was an find it on a second-hand counter, so I paid literary character which this month's magmoney; he knew that his victim was an find it on a second-nand counter, so I paid the required dime and carried it home. The azines have given us. It begins with a turns out so readily. Of course, these are be likely to feel flattered upon receiving other cities, well-to-do. I have no idea sigh, however. The world of letters is not, the works which he considers his best; the so much attention from a celebrated poultry dealer, and he knew that the young fellow had never seen the real Illinois poultry man whom he (the crook) intended to impersonate. Not one of his calculations erty. People are queer. I offered it to a she world of the former owner, but she said she didn't care about it. Since then I have bought in other old family fiction does for our life, manners, or morphorate. Not one of his calculations people I had known or which contained in appearance of a Zola compensates, in Mr. There is too much fiction. It is a world of the former owner, but she said she didn't care about it. Since then I have bought in other old family fiction does for our life, manners, or morphorate. Not one of his calculations went wrong. The young farmer was so teresting reading matter. It is pitiful to James's mind, for the multiplicity of "loose dreadfully ashamed at having been such an easy mark that he never reported the swindle to the police at all and it was not until years later that he took me into his confidence concerning it. So far as I know, the story has never been printed."

Educating Boys.

New York Tribune. Every once in a while somebody quotes the threadbare statement that "it is not worth while to put a \$2,000 education on a "But," says President David Starr Jordan, of Stanford University. "what shall we say of putting a 50-cent education on a \$10,000 or \$1,000,000 boy, thereby narrowing and cramping him throughout his whole life? This is what thousands of nearsighted parents are doing, weighing in the balance a few paltry disks of white or yellow metal against the incalculable power that comes from mental training. For a man to have died who might have been wise and was not,' says Carlyle, 'this I call a tragedy.' Many a parent who would not grudge his boy the last mouthful of bread counts with close fingers the earnings that go toward his mental outlook. And this I say not of the poverty-driven, not of the slave of daily wage, but of the so-called 'better class. The material is too near our eyes; we need a better perspective, a wider horizon.

Warm Weather in Billville. Atlanta Constitution.

It's one thing to sing about plowing and another to plow. But we still thank the Lord for the red-hearted watermelons and cool buttermilk. parson doesn't preach long sermons these days; he simply points to the ther-mometer and advises the congregation to

hink of the hereafter. Lightning struck the new steeple the other day and demolished the building, and the whole town has taken to the woods and aned in camp meeting.

HIGH SOCIETY INTO WHICH READ-ERS OF CURRENT FICTION ENTER.

A Protest Against the "Rubaiyat"-Good Haters Are Needed at Times -Personal Notes.

Those who follow the light fiction market with interest must be impressed with the exceedingly high tone of the 1903 midsummer output, says the New York Evening Post. It is all but impossible to turn the leaves of the August magazines that specialize on "hammock reading" without lighting upon an earl, the Waldorf-Astoria, or, at the lowest, a girl with her million dollars. Take this casual speech of one story: "Duncan leaned over and examined his spick and dence fellows who were successful at their span russet boot. 'Hate to get these boots muddy,' he remarked. 'Costs 50 cents to have them polished." Or this from a rival come intimate with a stranger without ex- | magazine: "Mr. Maitland's ill humor began | old Omar is supposed to be proof positive early in the evening. He had dined at Mar-"I remember one case in particular that | tin's with Jimmy Ross, and there was was worked here in Indianapolis during something very wrong with the sauce bearstate fair week over twenty years ago. A naise of the filet mignon-" Here is anyoung farmer who owned a beautiful coun- other: "Fancy a summer at Newport or try place not many miles southeast of In- Bar Harbor by comparison! We are going to "Sludge, the Medium," and have naught dianapolis-he still owns it, I believe, and to spend a month in Venice every summer." one of the interurban trolley lines now Throughout, the reader hears the jingle of passes by his front gate-brought a beauti- gold, sees the "warm radiance" of the flash- a single poem would in itself raise within ful assortment of blue-blooded chickens to ing jewels, hears the consciously smart, or the fair to be exhibited in the poultry de- as consciously vulgar, speeches of the magpartment, and sold if he could secure the azine elite. And the illustrations follow price which he thought them worth. The faithfully, if sometimes ploddingly, the

of the magazine buyers? Is the explanation pearance, was scrutinizing them very care- distinctively American writers are still at of the rural studies and the New England ed the back yards for tapestried drawing rooms, the "one-horse shay" for the touring car, the fisherman's sloop for the brassbound and magnificent private yacht? In their efforts to set down every detail of this alluring extravagance in order to give the appearance of reality these writers too often forget that the reader really wants a story. But the mere tellers of tales are out of date. The popular idea of the writer, it might easily be believed, is of one who, if he does not sup regularly with royalty and hobnob with millionaires, would feel perfectly at ease if he did. Otherwise how an we account for this brave August display of magazine wealth and fashion?

Reading for Holidays.

Do people read books in their holidays? The question arises out of a discussion which has recently taken place in an American contemporary. It is generally assumed that they do, and inquiry is directed rather to discover what they read than ture" literature in the United States has led some to the rash assumption that in going away for a summer vacation one ought to take books of this kind. But several writers deny this firmly, holding that to read of nature is the proper privilege

of winter. and Martineau's essays. These latter, of riends. But Thoreau also might happen to be an old friend, and then why not take him? The real question is, Does any one riends read, or does the holiday-maker chance his testes with his skies? Of course the answer is largely with the pookstalls. People certainly buy books and papers to read on journeys, and statistics prove that in the holiday season the trade is brisk; but, alas, it is not brisk in old favorites. The holiday-maker is fickle and onomical, and he is also flippant. He buys plenty of cheap fiction, detective tales. return? The Indiana man said that the stories of adventure, novels of sentiment and farce. He wants easy reading. No old favorites for him! Sometimes he may be caught returning from the continent (not by the customs officers) with a cheap Tauchnitz in his bag. But has he read it? Has he not bought it merely for show (abroad), or in a fit of compunction, or even under a delusion of hope? The holiday seasons is the triumph of the "sixpensy," and no good literature has much chance, whether upon the library

check for \$600 bearing the signature of a big | shelves or on the bookstalls. The high tide of paper covers floods everything, and with his traveling cap and his flannels the average man drops his serious tastes and doffs his aspirations. Even Darwin confessed to reading trashy novels without shame. And on a holiday it is either trashy novels or nothing. We are a great people, but we

An Odd Collection.

talk a lot of cant about old classics.

"All book collectors have their weaksoultry breeder the \$300 difference in runs in the line of old Bibles and hymn a rule, are almost unsalable in a secondhand shop, and I buy a great many, only,

however, such as contain family names and inscriptions of a pathetic character. "My first purchase of the kind was an Episcopal prayer book, battered and torn,

ry, from his devoted mother,' or 'Elizabeth, from a loving father,' or 'Little William's pirthday gift to Uncle William." When these books come into my hands haps, absurdly sentimental over it."

Omar Khayyam Fad Scored.

Fred Lewis Pattee, in August Booklovers Magazine. The music, the distinction of the verse, the grace, the beauty, the art of the poem,

our young Western world. God grant it may not be for ages yet. The philosophy of the quatrains may do for a decayed civilization like China's, but that the "cities of the West," that most virile and thoroughly alive area of God's earth to-day, should be building themselves on a philosophy that declares life not worth the living. | frenzy: that offers as its solution oblivion in drink and even sulcide, is really grotesque. Not only are our young men in danger

of a false standard of life, but they are beginning to use the Rubalyat as a sort of password into the holy of holies of literary culture. To be able to quote partly from that one has entered a certain esoteric circle wherein are to be found only the elect. But culture must be based on more than a verbal knowledge of the quatrains of Fitz- hose for me. Henceforth I stick to trousgerald. Though you give all your time to master the "Rubaiyat," and though you may expound Browning from "Abt Vogler" else, it profits you nothing. Literature is wider than a fad; culture is broader than a cult; and the fact that a man knows but me wicked impulses to blackball him, were his name to arise in my club.

Zola's Ability.

Henry James, in August Atlantic. The mystery, for the reader capable of observation, is the wonder of the scale and energy of Zola's assimilations. This wonder besets us above all throughout the three books I have placed first. How, all sedentary and "scientific," did he get so near? By what art, inscrutable, immeasurable, indefatigable, did he arrange to make of his documents, in these connections, a use so vivified? Say he was "pear" production of summer stories? Not for a the subject of L'Assommoir in imagination, moment would any one believe that our in more or less familiar impression, in temdistinctively American writers are still at the job of making historical fiction! What all have been near it in personal experistrength. When the note had been struck in a thousand forms we had, by multiplication, as a kind of cumulative consequence, the finished and rounded book; just as we had the same result, by the same process, in Germinal. It is not, of course, that multiplication and accumulation, the extraordinary pair of legs on which he walks. are easily or directly consistent with his projecting himself morally; this immense liffusion, with its appropriation of everything it meets, affects us, on the contrary, as perpetually delaying access to what we may call the private world, the world of the individual. Yet as the individual-for it so happens-is simple and shallow, our author's dealings with him, as frankly met. maintain their resemblance to those of the

flower-cup of the garden.

lusty bee who succeeds in plumping for an

instant, of a summer morning, into every

Good Haters Needed. New York Tribune, One of the innumerable tributes to the late William Ernest Henley which his felwhether they read. The outlook of "Na- low-Britons have been printing has been written by Mr. C. K. Shorter. In the course of it he praises the introductions that Henley wrote for various classics, his skill as an editor, and his "great gifts of insight and of taste." Then he continues as fol-Thus one would not pack up Thoreau and | the fact that he was a good hater in an age lammerton's "Painter's Camp," and Jef- when it has become, very happily, out of feries, but rather "Faust" and Shakespeare | fashion to hate. * * He was too brutal also in his attitude to the trash that passes ourse, are chosen only as examples of old | current for literature and that is poured out in such quantities on every side." These are statements of the sort which ought never to be allowed to pass unchallenged. read on a holiday? And if so, are old | This is precisely the age in which, in literature, at all events, the good hater is needed, and, while we have frequently had occasion to deprecate Henley's brutality, it Hatred and brutality serve, when trash is pacity. to the fore, to clear the air. Somewhere Byron has remarked that prejudice is an excellent quality in a historian. Certainly it is better in history than an attitude of weak good nature, and in history and everywhere else hatred and brutality are better than the flabby amiability which seems to rule in many quarters. We can imagine the kind of comment which Henley would have passed upon such words as those which we

turbulent and brutal he made them. Buyers of Poetry.

know that we would have been in full sym-

pathy with his observations, no matter how

Philadelphia Record. A clerk in a bookstore was discussing the

taste of the public in poetry. "Poetry sells very steadily," he said, "and it is a mistake to think that only young women, sentimental young women, buy it. As a matter of fact, women hardly ever buy poetry. It is upon men that our poets must depend for their sale. The poet whose books sell best to-day is Swinburne, in the selected edition of his works. After Swinburne come Tennyson and Longfelloy, always in the 'gift book' editions. I rarely sell either of these poets except for a graduating, or birthday, or Christmas gift. William 'In Hospital' that sells well, and Lord Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome' must always be kept in stock, like Dickens or sells steadily, and year by year the demand for it increases. Kipling's verse doesn't sell as well as it used to. The poetry of

An Essay Worth While.

New York Times. The paper of Mr. Henry James on Emile Zola in the August Atlantic is easily the



NOW THEY DON'T SPEAK.

Miss Antique-Mr. Kidder proposed by are last a gut. He ought to have known that I would refuse him. Miss Caustique-I guess he did.

compensation for much I erase or tear out the inscriptions, and if cheap" criticism. This is certainly a most my shelf of old Bibles and hymn books ever refreshing and delightful article, and it get started out again as 'religious junk' it carries a delicately balanced and unemo-will be anonymous and wanting in that dis- tional appreciation of its subject. Elsetressing quality which has made me, per- where we extract a passage or two con-

"The Cloister and the Hearth" was nearhave a haunting power, and they are lead- brought out under the name of "A Good ing on more than we may dream to an ac- Fight" in Once a Week its publication was ceptance of the message and the inevitable | suspended in consequence of the editors a kind of seductio ad tempering with the "copy," an indignity form under its present well-known title.

"The public don't care for the dead," he "An aristocratic divorce suit, the last great social scandal, a sensational suicide from Waterloo Bridge, a woman murdered in Seven Dials or a baby found strangled in a bonnet box at Piccadilly circus interests them much more than Margaret's piety or Gerard's journey to Rome. The paying public prefers a live ass to a dead lion. Similia similibus; why should not the ass have his thistles? No more doublet and

One of Henry Harland's Stories.

When Henry Harland was at Harvard he spent his vacations at Norwich, Conn. One Sunday he met an old friend of his to whom he owed a quarter. As he was leaving at 4:30 Monday morning for the long winter term he called to the old gentleman

In the black dawn of a winter's morning he put his head out of the window to say to the cabman that he would be down directly, and there beside the cab stood a dark, motionless figure. "Who can be good enough to see me off

at this time in the morning," thought Har-

Literary Notes.

day a few days ago. he won't.

has eliminated the explosive initials in his name, and will hereafter be known as Charles Roberts. The new novel upon which Mr. Charles

Major has been at work since before the of Indiana life in the thirties. Thomas Bailey Aldrich is at Saranac, in

other essays, a biographical and critical study of Robert Herrick, the man and the The treatment of Rowan by Isabel, in "The Mettle of the Pasture," is the repetition in contrast of the treatment by Angel Clare of Tess in the chapter in

Woman Pays."

thirty years has Mrs. Crawford-in conhas never been when he directed it at trash. her son-been actively employed in that ca-

well. "In one of his unpublished letters." cellar in my bookseller. have just quoted from Mr. Shorter, and we

direct message that Runciman believed that

derland," "there are three kinds of poets, real poets, magazine poets and Rudyard azine poetry, and Kipling writes apropoet-ry." "I never heard of apropoetry," said Alice gently. "Certainly not," said the Worm, proudly. "I invented the word my-self. Apropoetry is the kind that is apro-

most important contribution of a purely publishing under his own name only a cerhow his prayer book became public prop-erty. People are queer. I offered it to a There is too much fiction. It is a world of Chesney." For instance, though Mr. Hyne see a Bible inscribed: 'To my dear son Hen- and cheap' fiction. We might say, if we ascribed to Mr. Hyne's Mr. Hyde.

Great Britain spends \$112,500,000 a year on the support of the poor. This does not include private charities. In an article on "The Age of the World" Sir Edward Fry, the famous English geologist, declares that 450,000,000 years must have elapsed since the existence of life on

A recent census of China shows that that country, crowded with "teeming millions," to the square mile, Great Britain 130 and Germany 105.

An official map of Paris on a large scale has just been finished. It is twenty-five yards long and nearly twenty yards wide Every building in Paris-altogether \$8,500is recognizable.

3 7-10 cents a pound In Philadelphia the dealers who have sold toy pistols have been summoned to answer

dren under fourteen. The English postoffice gives 20 per cent. netter speed in delivering parcels than the

chose to permit ourselves to get into a mood kindred to Mr. James's, that the occasional appearance of a critical essay by Mr. James veying Mr. James's personal impression of

Charles Rende and His Books. From Coleman's "Reminiscences."

ly strangled at its birth. When originally which the author resented by breaking off further relations, and abruptly and unsatisfactorily winding up the story. Ultimately, however, it saw the light in a complete Reade never again returned to earlier ages for material for his books. His opinion on the subject forms strange reading at the end of our recent historico-romantic

New York Times.

"Deacon H., I owe you a quarter." "Ah, my son, no business transactions on the Sabbath day. Harland, hastily putting his money in his pocket, begged his pardon, and said as he was leaving very early the next morning he had ventured to pay him on the Sab-

When he came down he found that the deacon had come for his quarter.

Marion Crawford has entered his fiftieth year. He celebrated his forty-ninth birth-

Mr. John Burroughs says he will write the next introduction to Mr. Ernest Seton's next book of animal tales. Mr. Seton says

By request, Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts

publication of "Dorothy Vernon" is a story the Adirondacks. His forthcoming book, "Ponkapog Papers," is to contain, among

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" entitled "The

Dr. Max Nordau, the brilliant Jew who "did his best to stagger humanity" with his "Degeneration" a few years ago, has reached his fifty-fourth year. He is at work on a new book, it is said, which will "again

shake up the literary public." Mrs. Emily Crawford, Paris correspond ent of the London News, will shortly, it is reported, retire from that place. For over junction with her husband and then with

Dr. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University, is an admirer of Charles Lamb, and has had access to many private papers that illuminate Lamb's character Dr. Wilson said the other day, "Lamb speaks of getting his publisher drunk. 'This was a case,' he says, 'of putting my wine

Although Rider Haggard has published one or two books recently, the work which has been occupying him most constantly for the last year is a romance of the Crusades. This he has now finished and Cassell's Magazine has bought the serial rights. The story, which is not yet named definitely, will begin in the coming Christmas number of Cassell's and will not be published in book form for several months

The newest story about the late W. E. Henley is as follows: Runciman, the wellknown writer of seafarers and smugglers | Her Unflattering Opinion of Mr. and poachers, had bitterly fallen out with Henley and lay dying in London. To Henley in Edinburgh, lame and ill, came an inif Henley would come back and look at him he would get well. It was a dying man's nis iriena dead.

logue by Ellis Parker Buttler in Leslie's Kipling. The real poets write Edgar Allan Poe poetry; the magazine poets write mag-

Cutliffe Hyne sticks fast to his rule about romance, "The Baptist Ring," also will be

Stephen Phillips, the young Englishman who has come to the front with his "Paolo and Francesca," "Herod" and "Ulysses," had no thought of literature when he started out to look after himself. He was destined by his father, who is the precentor of Peterborough Cathedral, for the British civil service. He subsequently had a brief experience on the professional stage. For his further work to publicity Mr. Phillips recently found a ghost-not a literary one, but a real one-in his house, from which he fled with his family, ordering a furniture mover to look after his household effects.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

has 103 to the square mile. Belgium has 220

Official experiments in feeding hogs with corn in Alabama showed that the cost of the gain in weight was 31/2 cents a pound, in Massachusetts 24-5 cents and in Vermont

in court. An act of the Assembly makes it a misdemeanor to sell toy pistols to chil-



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Professor Pfluger, of the University of Bonn, maintains that one-third of all the leaths registered in Munich are due to heart disease, brought on by the immoderate use of beer, and that tobacco also claims a large percentage of the victims. An official report shows that at the end of the last year there were in Japan ninetyseven agricultural schools, six fishery schools, twenty-eight technical schools, fifty emmercial schools, seven mercantile schools and sixty-two industrial schools. Many different kinds of cards of thanks have appeared in newspapers, but Oswego Kan., claims the prize with one from five prisoners in the Labette county jail, who beg to thank the county for the good meals, kind treatment and compulsory

paths. The twentieth century will have the greattury-namely, twenty-five. The year 1904 will be the first one, then every fourth year after 1920, 1948 and 1976.

The venom of snakes contains only intermediary bodies, which alone would not be virulently poisonous; but the normal blood erum of susceptible animals contains the substances which by conjoint action with the intermediary bodies of the venom, cause the deadly poisoning. A British expedition has been sent to explore Hudson bay for the purpose of deter-

nining whether a new grain route is prac-

ticable. The plan is to ship grain from the

western portion of Canada, to be stored in

elevators on Hudson bay and shipped by water during the brief summer season in which navigation is open. Perhaps the most remarkable bridges in the world are the kettle bridges in Russia and Siberia, of which Cossack soldiers are expert builders. They are built up of the soldiers' lances and cooking kettles. Seven or eight lances are placed under the handles of a number of kettles, and fastened by

means of ropes to a form of raft. A man who has been traveling in Iowa has hit upon an odd use of corncobs. He says: I made a trip through a big part of Iowa recently, and I found several grain-shipping towns that had corncob sidewalks. In spite of what one would think about it cobs make a pretty good sidewalk. They are a little rough at first, but when the cobs become trampled down the walk is smooth."

HETTY GREEN AS A PROPHET.

Joseph H. Choate.

Mrs. Hetty Green has been getting into

the newspapers again over some property difficulty and has thus added something whimsey, but Henley took the train from | more to the already immeasurable debt of | Edinburgh-and arrived in London to find gratitude which newspaper reporters owe his shoes, he finished the afternoon's pracher, for she has probably furnished them "You see," the Book Worm said, in a dia- | with more copy during the past fifteen or twenty years than any other woman who has lived in the same time. As a perennial Monthly, in the manner of "Alice in Won- | theme of newspaper gossip and speculation Mrs. Green ranks along with presidential possibilities, sea serpents, anarchists, strikes and Newport happenings, and is second to none in real, warm human interest. All this happens, too, not because Mrs. Green is a seeker after notoriety, but simply because along with her reputation of being the richest woman in the world she carries a mind of her own and knows how to field fence for a home run and won the speak it when occasion offers, as it frequently does, in a way that is, to say the least, highly impressive. Mrs. Green has never felt kindly toward the Hon. Joseph H. Choate since he appeared against her in the famous case in which Mrs. Green and Mr. Henry A. Barling, the executor of her father's estate, were the principals; and when she speaks her mind about Mr. Choate it is not in honeyed accents. Once, about caught Wagner for one inning he stepped seven years ago, when there was some talk up to Captain Labelle and said: "Look about sending Mr. Choate to the United here, what kind of a human catapault is States Senate from New York, Mrs. Green that you have got on the slab? That fellow

view which, read in the light of subsequent events, sound strangely prophetic, "I wonder," she is reported as saying, "if that man Choate has any chance of being elected senator? He's a trust man, you know, I don't bet, but if I did I would put up a lot of money-if there were any fools to take the other side-that the people will find out about Choate in time to keep him from getting any office. He isn't fit to be alderman. He can talk, but we want brains more than wind in the Senate. Mark my words, instead of going to the Senate, Choate will go to Europe when the time comes, and the country will get a rest.'

TALES OF HANS WAGNER.

Early Games of the Great Ballplayer

of the Pirate Crew. Detroit Free Press. Hans Wagner, of the Pittsburg team, Lajoie's one rival as an all-round individual

ballplayer, and by many critics rated above the Cleveland captain, made his professionest number of leap years possible for a cen- al debut on the Steubenville team. Al Wagner, now an Eastern league outfielder, was that up to and including the year 2000. Feb- playing third, and Hans was at that time ruary will three times have five Sundays-in | delighting the Carnegie youngsters by helping them defeat all the amateur teams in the vicnity of Pittsburg. Al wanted his manager of the team to give him a trial. He said that Hans would make a good

> pitcher. "How much will he want?" asked the

> "Oh, any old thing. Thirty-five dollars a month and board will make his eyes bulge." A ticket was telegraphed him, with orders to report at Steubenville at once. He was to leave Carnegie at 12:30 on a train which would get him into Steubenville about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. But about the time for the train to leave Carnegie Wagner sauntered up the Steubenville streets to the hotel. The manager saw him, but did not know him until Al stepped up. "Why, hello, John!" he called. "How did

the ticket sent you?"

was too long to wait on the train. There was a freight coming through earlier, and I hopped it. I couldnt stand it to wait so long. I thought you might need me early. Then the manager's trouble's Wagner was to be fitted out, but that wasn't easy, for there wasn't a baseball shoe in Steubenville large enough for him. The manager sent to Pittsburg, but was unable to secure the right size, and finally was compelled to send to Chicago. The shoes were late in arriving, so for the first day's practice Hans had to wear a pair of shoes belonging to his brother Al. He had played in them for about fifteen minutes when he burst both shoes, as they were too small for him. But he was not to be prevented from playing, and, taking off

When Steubenville played Canton Wagner was up three times in the first five innings, and each time he cut three big gashes in the glaring gloom. He could not connect with the pitcher any way he tried, but in the sixth inning he sprang a sur-

There were three men on bases when Honus came to the bat. A ball was thrown to him that was fully a foot over his head. but he jumped up and landed on it with all his might. The sphere sailed over the right-The team played some exhibition games

through the season, and Wagner insisted on trying his hand on the rubber. He didn't possess anything that looked like a curve, throwing only straight balls, but the speed he had was something awful. He used up two catchers in one game and a third man was sent behind the bat. After he had

FINGER MISSING.

buzz-saz the other day and put his finger in that, too.

He-He came out all right, but his finger stayed.

She-How aid be come out?

He-Everything Dick Meddle sees he wants to have his finger in it. He saw a

shot out of a cannon. I am tired of the job and you will have to get a man in my The result was that Wagner went to the

puts those balls over there as if they were

outfield. Jimmy Cooper, the Altoona boy, was playing left field and Wagner went to the left garden in the first game. Jack Schrader was playing on the opposite side and he hit a bounder that Wagner got on the first bounce. Ritchey was on second. "Shoot it, Dutch!" he yelled. Wagner threw to first, getting Schrader before he was within ten feet of the base. The crowd watched the Dutchman and it was not long before he was a popular hero.

Some of his throws were tremendous, He would get a long fly on the bound in deep left and shoot it over to first base without the least exertion. He made a number of double plays by catching skyscrapers and putting them into the diamond before the runner would have time to get back to the base he had left.

Shortly after this the team was transferred to Akron, where the games were played on the Buchtel college grounds, The left field was very deep, and no one had ever been known to hit the ball over the fence. There was an alley outside of this and on the other side of this a twostory frame houses. The first game the team played was with Findlay. In the fifth inning there were three men on bases. Some one in the grand stand yelled to Wagner as he stepped to the plate: "Dutch, \$10 if you knock a home run." The first ball pitched Wagner , landed on, and it sailed over the fence as if it would never land. It went over the left-field fence while down on the other side of that frame house The ball was never found, and Wagner got his money and more praise than had ever been bestowed on any ballplayer that broke

into Akron. WU IS STILL OUR FRIEND.

Former Chinese Minister in a Position to Aid the United States.

"The many friends"-a stereotyped phrase which in this case means about all the many millions of American people-the many friends of former Minister Wu in this country will rejoice to learn that the recent report of his degradation in rank on his return home is now denied. The first story you come to get here so soon? Did you get was, it may be recalled, that when he go back to Peking he was rudely stripped of "Oh, yes, I got it," replied Hans, "but it all his dignities and official powers and made some sort of under secretary in the government, with a fair chance of presently having his head cut off beside. It origi nated, apparently, in the interpretation put by the State Department authorities at Washington on a dispatch from Minister Conger, which interpretation was promptly sent broadcast over the land by the Washington correspondents and generally accepted without question by the newspapers, because, amazing though in one way it seemed, it was not incredible in view of the inverted practice the Chinese scmetimes adopt of rewarding good public servants with penalties and penalizing bad ones with

rewards.

But we are now told, on the authority of private letters received in New York, that u has not been degraded, much less had his head threatened, but, on the contrary has been put in a position where he may be of great service to the United States, the land in whose people he professed, probably with entire sincerity, to have learned to take the keenest sympathetic interest and whose institutions he was a most apt scholar in understanding. He retains, it is now said, his place as minister of treatles and commerce, his two new appointments being in addition thereto instead of in lieu thereof The first of these new appointments was to the post of president of the courts of state ceremonials, the dignity of which can be thoroughly understood only by those who know how much importance the Chinese at-

tach to state ceremonials. With this promotion also went an elevation from the class of mandarins of the fifth rank to that of mandarins of the fourth; and soon after, the corrected report continues, he was advanced to the third, mandarin grade by being made a member of the board of foreign affairs. His position on this beard, moreover, is not that of an under secretary, but that of junior vice president. If all this good fortune has really come to him, we may well believe the ac-companying report that Wu himself is high-ly delighted; being highly delighted is a state of feeling which he showed himself an adept in cultivating while in America.
His good fortune must be very pleasing in
this country, too, not only because he is
most agreeably remembered here for his geniality, his appreciativeness, his frank in-quisitiveness and the delicious subtle tang of patronage that flavored his private po-liteness and his public eloquence, but because, also, in his present positions at home he will be able, if he chooses, to do much for the improvement of our relations with China and the facilitation of international intercourse, both commercial and diplomatic. He knows the American people probably better than any other Chinaman in high office at Peking; he has repeatedly made known his desire to introduce something of the American spirit into his own land, and his progressive and enlightened mind may be expected to make him particularly active and useful in the business of opening national doors. The United States may have good reasons presently for an even increased warmth of friendliness for

A historic old building and an old-fashioned fire engine will be a portion of Vincennes's contribution to the Indiana exhibit at the world's fair. The building is more than a hundred years old, and was used as the seat of the territorial government. It is a quaint structure and is still in a good state of preservation. The fire endays before the steam apparatus came into existence, and was used by the fire department of the town more than fifty years ago. Its construction is extremely simple, con-sisting of a bed, four wheels of solid wood and a hand pump. For many years it was the mainstay of the department, and has seen much hard service and many large fires. When it made way for the better apparatus it was stored as a relic, and never fails to attract much attention when shows

Relies of Old Vincennes. World's Fair Bulletin.